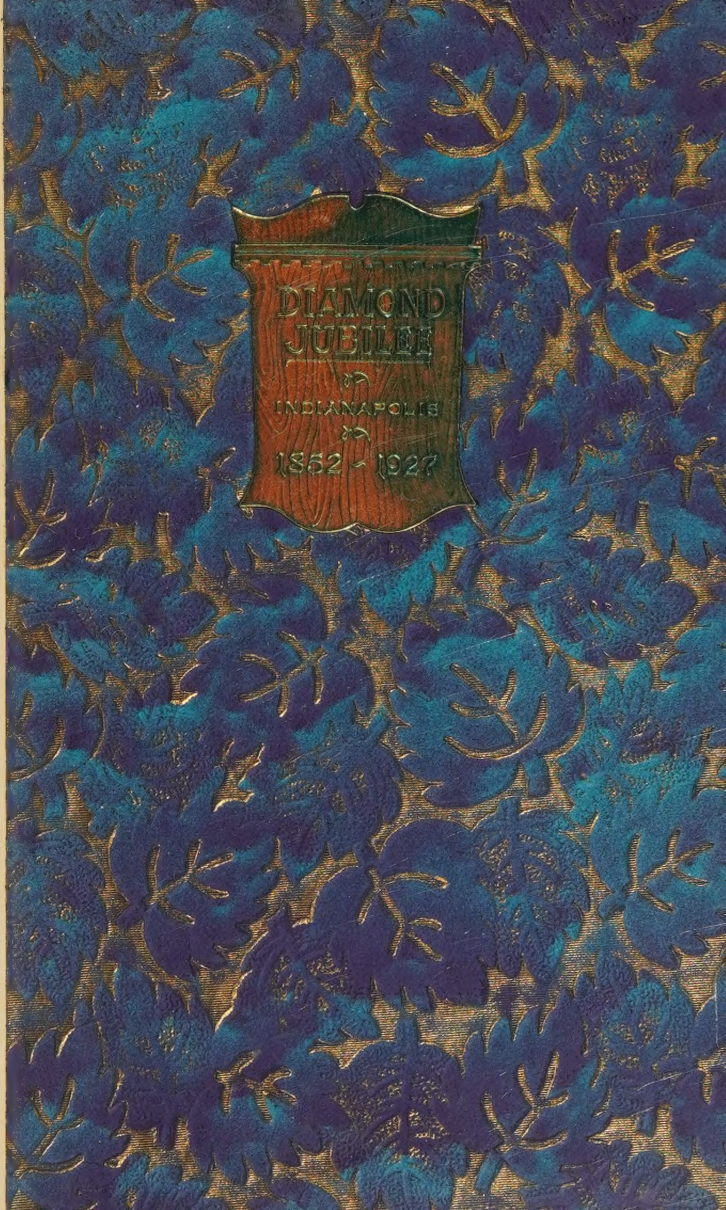
DIAMOND
JUBILEE
INDIANAPOLIS
1852 - 1927

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SOLDIERS AND SAILORS' MONUMENT
In Commemoration of Civil War Veterans

DIAMOND JUBILEE

1852-1927

INDIANAPOLIS TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION NO. 1

AND

INTERNATIONAL TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

August 8-13, 1927

TYPOGRAPHICAL TERRACE
Headquarters International Typographical Union

OUR UNION

by

JOSEPH G. MARSHALL

SKETCHING the history of Indianapolis Typographical Union No. 1, in commemoration of its seventy-five years of existence, it is fitting that a word be given to the founding of the great parent organization. The National Typographical Union, predecessor of the International Typographical Union, had its inception at the Baltimore convention of American printers in September, 1851. At that gathering a committee was named to frame the constitution of "The Printers' National Union." An amendment proposed the name of "United States Printers' Union," but on further consideration the "National Typographical Union" was adopted as the name. The constitution was drawn up by

the following union printers: J. B. Smith of Philadelphia, James H. Walford of Richmond, Charles A. Randall of Massachusetts, R. J. Bruce of Baltimore, E. H. Rogers of New York, William G. Williams of Cincinnati, Charles Bechtel of New Jersey and J. L. Gibbons of Louisville. Cincinnati was chosen as the scene of the first National Typographical Union convention. On May 3, 1852, convention was called as the first assembly of the National Typographical Union and J. S. Nafew of Albany, N. Y., was elected first president. Other officers elected were: G. E. Greene of Louisville, first vice-president; T. G. Forster of St. Louis, second vice-president; R. R. R. Dumars of Pittsburgh, recording secretary; J. M. McCreary of Cincinnati, corresponding secretary, and G. H. Randell of Baltimore, treasurer.

Two delegates were sent from Indianapolis, J. T. Bosworth and J. H. McNeely.

Lots were drawn for charter numbers with this result: Indianapolis, No. 1;

Philadelphia, No. 2; Cincinnati, No. 3; Albany, No. 4; Columbus, No. 5; New York, No. 6; Pittsburgh, No. 7; St. Louis, No. 8; Buffalo, No. 9; Louisville, No. 10; Memphis, No. 11; Baltimore, No. 12; Boston, No. 13, and Harrisburg, No. 14.

In 1853 the convention was held in Pittsburgh, but Indianapolis was not represented. The delegate from Baltimore introduced resolutions which protested against the allotment of charter numbers made at the previous session, claiming it was unfair, and that inasmuch as Indianapolis was not represented and the Baltimore Typographical Society was the oldest represented, being in continuous existence since 1831, Baltimore should be allowed to take No. 1. After considerable discussion the resolutions were laid on the table, as were also resolutions along the same line introduced by another delegate. This confirmed the claim of Indianapolis and all other unions to their original charter numbers. The organization in Indianapolis

UNION PRINTERS HOME
Colorado Springs

which sent delegates to the first convention appears to have lapsed shortly after, and in May, 1857, there was a reorganization.

On January 19, 1859, a charter was procured and J. W. Brewer and W. B. Vickers were sent as delegates to Boston. The charter bears the names of C. M. Burgess, F. M. Posey, J. S. McCann, J. A. Northcutt, Charles Brigham, D. M. Cantrell, George Schley, Cyrus Butterfield, J. Vaughn, C. Waters, G. Jennings, E. W. Paynter, H. Noble, Theodore McClure, Michael Broden, O. Boetticher, E. M. Hooker, C. P. Hutchinson, J. Donige, A. D. Stevens, M. H. Halpin and C. O. Sacket. During the period of the Civil War, 1861 to 1865, the union had a very precarious existence, a large number of the members having enlisted in the Union Army. At the close of the war, however, the union again grew strong and affairs moved along smoothly until the great lockout of 1874, after which there was a general demoralization in the

trade for several years, and finally in 1877 the union ceased to meet. The old charter was retained by a few printers, who held meetings at the homes of the members, until in 1879 it was decided that it would be better for the trade to reorganize the union and secure a new charter. Accordingly, on April 20, 1879, Frank Wilson, John Schley, Patrick Kelly, W. F. Gilkinson, Ed W. Kimberley, John R. Rankin and G. W. B. Smith applied for and received the present charter. The history of the union following the issuance of this charter shows somewhat more than the usual number of advances and setbacks until 1888, since which time we have enjoyed a reign of peace and prosperity.

In 1888, the International Typographical Union met in Kansas City, Mo., and a general plan of reorganization was proposed. It may appropriately be said here that J. W. Hays, for the past eighteen years secretary-treasurer of the International Typographical Union, was a delegate to that conven-

tion from Minneapolis Typographical Union No. 42. Among other things considered at the 1888 session was the establishment of permanent headquarters. C. H. Gilman and W. Nichols, the two delegates from No. 1, acting on the suggestion of the committee on laws that some central point like Indianapolis be selected, succeeded in having the headquarters located in this city.

Many of the members of Indianapolis Typographical Union No. 1 have had a conspicuous part in the history of the International Union.

The present officers of Typographical Union No. 1 are: Arch D. Hinch, president; Edgar A. Perkins, Jr., vice-president; William A. Greene, recording secretary; Guy S. McCoy, financial secretary and business agent.

A SONG OF THE PRINTERMAN

by

WILLIAM HERSCHELL

SING blithely of The Printerman!
A queer world this would be
Were he to "pi"
His type—deny
His craft to you and me!

No bedtime stories could be told
If Printerman should fail
With Babes in Wood,
Red Riding Hood
And every childhood tale.

We'd have no songs, no circus bills,
No cook books for the bride;
No almanacs,
No "yellow-backs,"
With western thrills inside.

We'd have no testimonials,
No "Old Subscriber" stuff;
No ads that say:
"Fresh Malt Today!"
Gee, wouldn't life be tough?

On wives mere man would then depend
For tidings of the age;
No more we'd hear
In tones severe:
"Who's got the sporting page?"

Exalt and praise The Printerman,
Tell heaven of his worth;
Let's make him glad,
For he has had
"Hell-box" enough on earth!

WORLD WAR MEMORIAL
In Honor of Overseas Veterans

RECOLLECTIONS

by

MEREDITH NICHOLSON
Indiana Author

INDIANAPOLIS is a fitting place for a gathering of printers. Here the traditions of the craft merge with the legend of the Indian. My own knowledge of the art preservative in these parts covers fifty years. In my youth I profited greatly by a stimulating acquaintance with many remarkable members of the stick-and-rule fraternity. My grandfather Meredith, the son of a soldier of the Revolution, was a compositor, who had learned his trade in all its branches in Pennsylvania, and I still treasure his articles of apprenticeship. His son William, my favorite uncle, entered the craft at an early age and the pride of his calling was strong in him throughout his life. I was

myself destined to the types, but though thwarted in my ambition I have never been without some connection with composing rooms since I first sniffed benzine.

When I became a newspaper reporter, the compositors took a friendly interest in me by reason of my family's connection with the craft and assisted in no slight degree in training me and reducing my conceit to a fair minimum. The "tramps" who strolled along, from time to time, wore the halo of romance in my eyes. It seemed the finest thing in the world to be a "print" wandering over the world! There were odd geniuses among them—and I lent reverent ear to their stories. One of these itinerants had all Shakespeare at his tongue's end. In fact, many of those old-timers were truly scholarly men. In my newspaper days I was often kindly admonished as to some impropriety in my English by the men who set my copy. Editorial copy-reading was very sketchily done at that time; the printer caught errors before the galleys reached the proof-reader.

I recall to this hour my humility before a friendly printer who one day took me into a corner to tell me there was no such word as "preventative." Verily, my compositor friends did much toward supplying the yawning omissions in my education. Among themselves they used to speak in the most contumelious fashion of editorial writers whose "bulls" had to be corrected —with all discretion—in the composing room. Informed and wise, those old craftsmen had a fine scorn for stupidity and banality. It grieved them to be obliged to follow copy, even if it took them out of the window, when they knew the stuff was all bunk.

I would eat my midnight lunch from the imposing stone in the office of *The Indianapolis Sentinel* for the joy of the contact with the comradely, cynical and amusing compositors. The men of that day had a humor peculiarly their own—of razor-edge keenness and exceedingly droll.

Emerson called proof-readers "those red-eyed men"; and most of my printer friends were rather melancholy. Even their jokes were tinged with a certain sadness, as if they were, in Wordsworth's phrase, burdened with:

> "the heavy and the weary weight
> Of all this unintelligible world."

I recall them with affection and gratitude. They have all, I believe, taken their cards to the "chapel" Over Yonder—"Bud" Lacey, Ed Guthrie, Sam Leffingwell, John Rankin, "Colonel" Rose, Ellsbury Perkins and the rest of them. Their names are rubricated in my book of memory —and not an error in the text!

IMPRESSIONS

by

HARRY S. NEW
Postmaster General

THE DIAMOND JUBILEE! How limited a number of mundane creations, animate or corporate, live to celebrate one! In my own experience I can only go back two-thirds of the way with the celebrants. If you were observing a Golden rather than a Diamond Jubilee, I might say of it—"All of which I saw—part of which I was," for just fifty years have passed since I linked my fortunes with those of the printer and became a very small spoke in the wheel of *The Indianapolis Journal*.

They were great days—those of the printing business of half a century ago. In no industry has time worked a greater revolution of methods nor greater changes

in the personnel of those engaged in it than it has in the printing trade since my first connection with it. What the railroad and the barbed wire fence have done for the cowboy, the Mergenthaler, the Lanston, and like inventions have done for the printer of ante-linotype days. The "jour" printer of my early association was as distinctive an American character as could be found. Neither the cowboy of the West, nor the lumber-jack of the North, was more certainly a type of American development than was the itinerant printer of a half century or more ago. I don't mean to imply that all printers were itinerants, for that is far from true. Many of them established themselves firmly in a community and passed their lives in it as sedate and steadfast citizens, but there were so many of the other type that the appearance of the crew of the composing room in any of the larger offices changed with a frequency surpassed only by the turns of the kaleidoscope in the hands of a child. They came

from everywhere and nowhere—wafted in on a friendly breeze, to be as certainly wafted out on another after a brief sojourn as a sub. They certainly possessed the wandering foot and came and went with the most cheerful disregard of direction or destination. Many of them were known from Boston to San Francisco; from St. Paul to New Orleans. Any town was home. The only ties that were recognized were those that bound them to the trade, and the only certain and indispensable possession was the journeyman's card. Everywhere they had acquaintances—friends. I can remember many of them who made their appearance from time to time at irregular periods, coming from nowhere and headed for the same place, but pitching camp temporarily with *The Journal*.

When I marshal before my memory the long procession of well-remembered names and faces, I gladly say that I do not remember one among them whose character was bad. Carefree and careless, perhaps, and

prone to make too equal a division of time between the case and the "Dutchman's," it was still the fact that there wasn't a vicious impulse in the mind of any man among them that I can remember.

They were days of camaraderie and good fellowship among all connected with the establishment to a degree and in a way that I fear no longer exists. We were cronies—all of us—without regard to the department in which we served, and we were glad to welcome a familiar face when the man who wore it brought it in after an indefinite absence during which he had divided time at many places. He was as welcome as a May flower and maybe he didn't linger with us any longer, but if he moved out, another moved in and the sub list seldom suffered famine.

They are gone—those old boys—gone but not forgotten. It is the other class that has endured. Another demonstration of the theory of the survival of the fittest. But,

though gone he be, it is with real joy that I recall both the man and his time.

With strict regard for truth, I repeat what I have often said —that without regard to where fate or fortune has placed me, in no position, business or political, have I ever found the satisfaction that I gained with the printer and the editor during my twenty-five years with *The Indianapolis Journal*.

MAT 'SHORTY' POLLOCK

MAT POLLOCK

by

KIN HUBBARD

(Abe Martin)

"NEXT t' walkin' at th' head of a minstrel perade wearin' a plug hat an' a big woolly overcoat ther hain't nothin' that looks as fascinatin' as editin' a country newspaper," said Hon. Ex-Editur Cale Fluhart, t'day. "I don't know how ther runnin' country newspapers these days, but in my time when I owned an' edited th' Dunkirk Standard, I wuz th' busiest man in th' state. Next t' tryin' t' be a Democrat an' live, th' hardest thing wuz t' find a sober printer. I finally got a printer in 1883 named Mat Pollock who held th' record fer sobriety, havin' worked three straight days at De Graff, Ohio, in 1880. He wuz known all along th' line from Sandusky t' Winchester, In-

diany, as a dependable workman. After I got Pollock my paper came out regularly ever' week fer sometimes three months at a stretch. If I could jest keep Pollock interested an' fed up on apples fer two days straight, we could git th' paper set up an' th' forms locked. Sometimes if he smelled like he wuz slippin' I'd double lead ever'thing an' fill out with dead patent meds. I wuz doin' some powerful editorial work in them days, an' when I look back an' recall how hard I worked writin' an' tryin' t' keep Pollock sober I wonder how I did it. There I wuz writin' four columns o' stingin' editorials a week, runnin' a Washin'ton hand press single handed, entertainin' all th' bores that infest newspaper offices, carryin' a revolver to an' from my meals, an' tryin' t' keep Pollock out o' Brelahan's saloon from Monday till Wednesday. An' all th' time I wuz subsistin' on turnips, punkins, an' such products o' th' fields as my farmer subscribers might bring in t' pay ther subscriptions. Well, I

held Pollock down t' one four-day drunk a week fer eleven months, an' then my health begun t' fail. I talked t' my doctor an' he told me I'd have t' choose between Pollock an' th' grave. I thought th' matter over fer weeks. I hated t' give Pollock up. I'd been thrown in with him, closely associated with him, fer months. I liked him. He wuz a companionable feller, well versed in th' affairs o' the nation, a veritable mine o' information, an' a charmin' conversationalist. However, I thought I owed somethin' t' my wife an' children, fer I'd seen little enough o' my family since Pollock went t' work fer me. So I let him go. I gave him a couple o' ole white shirts, a due bill on a barber, an' walked as fer as Ansonia, Ohio, with him, where he caught a freight fer Union City. Later I learned that he'd succumbed t' drink an' finally joined his regiment on th' Soudan.

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International Typographical Union

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INDIANAPOLIS
TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION No 1
EST. 1852 — INDIANAPOLIS, IND. U.S.A.
WELCOME
I. T. U.
HI OL' TIMERS, COME IN AN' LOOK US OVER
MY! THA'S A GOOD LOOKING CROWD O' PEOPLE — I'D LIKE TO TALK TO SOME OF 'EM
TEAR YERSELF BACK OUTA TH' WINDER-YER QUEERIN' TH' PICHUR
BEST WISHES IN DEATHS TO I.T.U.

Chic Jackson, Cartoonist, Indianapolis Star

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